

The Case is Alter'd.

A T A L E.

HODGE held a farm, and smil'd content,
 While one year paid another's rent;
 But, if he ran the least behind,
 Vexation stung his anxious mind.
 Poor man! his Landlord's cows and fleeds
 Broke Hodge's fence, and cropt his meads.
 In hunting, that same Landlord's hounds
 See, how they spread his new-sown grounds!
 Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoy'd,
 While half the rising crop's destroy'd:
 Yet tamely was the loss sustain'd;
 'Tis said the sufferer once complain'd;
 The 'Squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
 And paid the bumpkin with a joke.
 But luckless still poor Hodge's fate,
 His Worship's Bull had forc'd a gate,
 And gor'd his Cow, the last and best;
 (By sickness he had lost the rest)
 Hodge felt at heart resentment strong,
 (The heart will feel that suffers long)
 Poor Hodge unto the 'Squire goes,
 And after many scrapes and bows,
 "I'm come, an't please you, to unfold
 "What soon or late you must be told:
 "My Bull (a creature tame 'til now)
 "My Bull has gor'd your Worship's Cow;
 "'Tis known what shifts I make to live;
 "Perhaps, your Honour may forgive!"
 "Forgive! (the 'Squire then rav'd and tore)
 "Pray cant to me FORGIVE no more;
 "The law my damage shall decide;
 "And know that I'll be satisfy'd."
 "Think, Zir, I'm poor, poor as a rat."
 "Think I'm a Justice! think of that."
 Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his head;
 And, recollecting, archly said,
 "Zir, I'm so struck when here before ye,
 "I fear I've blunder'd in my story;
 "'Fore George! I will not blunder now,
 "YOURS was the Bull, Zir, MINE the Cow."
 His Worship found his rage subside,
 And with calm accent thus reply'd:
 "I'll think upon your case to-night;
 "But I perceive 'tis alter'd quite."
 Hodge shrug'd, and made another bow:
 "An't please you, who's the JUSTICE now?"

REFLECTION.

On the same Case, what diff'rent lights are thrown,
 When thought anothers, and when thought our own!